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buliPshed by Theodore Schoch.

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Ladies Names.

There is a strange deformity
Combined with countless graces,
As often in the ladies' names
As in the ladies' faces.
Some names are fit for every age,
Some only fit for youth;
Some passing sweet and beautiful,
Some horribly uncouth.
Some fit for dames of loftiest grades,
Some only fit for scullery maids.

Ann is too plain and common,
And Nancy sounds but ill;
Yet Anna is endurable,
And Annie better still,
There is a grace in Charlotte,
In Eleanor a state;
An alegance in Isabel,
A haughtiness in Kate.
And Sarah is sedate and neat,
And Ellen innocent and Sweet.

Matilda has a richly sound,
Fit for a nurse's trade;
Sophia is effeminate,
And Esther sage and staid,
Elizabeth's a matchless name,
Fit for a queen to wear—
In castle, cottage, hut or hall,
A name beyond compare.
And Bess and Bessie follow well,
But Betsy is detestable.

Maria is too forward,
And Gertrude is too gruff;
Yet, coupled with a pretty face,
Is pretty name enough.
And Adelaide is fanciful,
And Laura is too fine:
And Emily is beautiful,
And Mary is divine.
Maud only suits a high-born dame,
And Fanny is a baby name.

Eliza is not very choice,
Jane is too blunt and bold;
And Marian somewhat sorrowful,
And Lucy proud and cold.
Amelia is too light and gay,
Fit only for a flint;
And Caroline is vain and shy,
And Flora smart and pert.
Louisa is too soft and sleek,
But Alice gentle, chaste and meek.

And Harriet is confiding,
And Clara grave and mild;
And Emma is affectionate,
And Janet arch and wild.
And Patience is expressive,
And Grace is old and rare,
And Hannah warm and dutiful,
And Margaret frank and fair.
And Faith, and Hope, and Charity,
Are heavenly names of sisters there.

Rebecca for a Jewess,
Rose for a country belle;
And Anges for a blushing bride,
Will suit exceeding well.
And Phoebe for a midwife,
Joanna for a prude,
And Rachel for a gipsy wench,
Are all extremely good.
And Judith for a scold and churl,
And Susan for a sailor's girl.

Curiosities for the Fair.

The Tri-States *Union*, of Saturday, says, that on the day previous, there passed through Port Jervis, on the N. Y. & Erie Railroad *en-route* for the World's Fair, the greatest wonder we ever saw of the sheep kind. This curiosity is a sheep girthing nine feet and covered with wool of the finest texture, 35 inches long, and growing in natural rolls, *ready for spining*, of which rolls there are 8,000. The weight of the wool is estimated to be 30 pounds. The wool hangs in beautiful white rolls reaching to the ground on each side. There was also a lamb three years old weighing 300 pounds, and covered with wool 30 inches in length and growing in the same peculiar way.

We saw also a liliputian cow only 30 inches high, weighing 229 pounds, and the mother of three calves, one of which was by her side and giving milk, though only 13 months old. The sheep were raised by James Bicknell, of Aurora, Eire Co., and are of the Beakwell breed.

☞How late is it, Bill?

Look at the boss, and see if he is drunk yet; if he is'nt, it can't be much after eleven.

Do we ever Forget?

ONE of the most startling and mysterious phenomena of our nature, is the sudden revival of the recollection of scenes, events and thoughts, which had apparently been long forgotten. In many instances, we can explain this by the law of association; but not unfrequently the recollection flashes without warning upon the mind. It is as though we had been gazing out into the blank darkness, which lighted up all at once by a sudden flash, should become a theatre upon which the minutest events of our past life are re-enacted.

Phenomena of this kind, more or less distinctly marked, occur in the experience of every individual, in his ordinary and normal states. But here, as in many other cases great light is thrown upon the latent capibilities of the mind by its action, when physical disease has induced changes in the conditions which regulate its manifestations. The bodily organ in the healthy state seem to act as checks and as limitations upon the operations of the mind, somewhat as the balance wheel of a watch, checks and regulates the uncoiling of the spring. We do not know how rapidly the wheels may be impelled, until the check is taken off. The balance wheel makes the watch move in time—and it may be the limitation of the bodily organs only, which compels the mind to act in reference to time. A disembodied spirit may have as little to do with time as with space. To all spirits, in their degree, as well as to the Supreme Spirit, one day may, in the literal acceptation of the words, be as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day; so that in the future life we may continually live over again every portion of our past existence; not piece-meal and fragmentarily, but as an undivided whole; just as the eye takes in a single glance the whole prespect before it, no matter though it be bounded only by the remotest distance from which the furthest ray of light has come which has been casting upwards since creation.

Something of this sort has been remarked by those few who have so nearly passed the boundaries between the present and the future life, that they have won a glimbse of that 'undiscovered country from whose bourne,' the great dramatist assumes, falsely, perhaps, 'no traveler returns.' De Quincy, the 'English opium eater,' relates an incident of this kind, of a friend who was once at the point of death by drowning. At the moment when she was on the verge of death, she saw her whole life, down to its minute and apparent trivial incidents arrayed before her, as if in a mirror; and at the same time she felt within herself, the sudden development of a faculty for comprehending the whole and every part. And he intimates the possibility of this mighty develoment, is confirmed by experiences of his during that abnormal relation between his spiritual and physical nature, which has been induced by the use of opium. Abercrombie relates the case of a boy, who at the age of four years was rendered insensible by some violence, which fractured his skull. In this state he underwent the operation of trepanning. After recovery, he retained no recollection of the operation or of the accident which occasioned it. More than ten years after, he was seized with a violent fever, during which he became delirious. And now, the faint traces made so long ago on his consciousness—traces so faint that there was no reason to suspect their existence—were brought out under the fierce alchemy of disease, with the utmost distinctness, and he has related the occurrence with the utmost minuteness.

One of the most common phenomena with respect to old age, is the re-awakening of the dorment recollections, of childhood. Many cases are on record of emigrants who left our German Fatherland, and have sought a new home in America, at so early an age as to have forgotten their native language; but when, often in the extremest age, they lay upon the bed of death, those long forgotten words come back to their recollection, and their latest prayers are breathed in the language their cradle hymns were sung. One of the most affecting and truthful delineations in modern fiction, is that of the beautiful English novel, 'Mary Barton,' where the aged peasant woman, when just passing the boundaries of the better land, lives again the days of her childhood.

Carsten Niebuhr, the oriental traveler, father of our beloved historian and statesman, furnishes a striking example of the revived recollection of scenes and events long past. When old and blind, and so feeble that he had barley strength to be borne from his bed to his chair, the dim rememberance of his early adventures thronged before his memory with such vividness, they painted themselves as pictures upon his sightless eyeballs. As he lay upon his bed pictures of the gorgeous Orient flashed upon his darkness as distinctly as he had just closed his eyes to shut them out for an instant. The cloudless blue of the eastern heavens bending by day over the broad deserts, and studded by night with eastern constellations, shown as vividly before him, after the lapse of half a century, as they did upon the first Chaldean shepherds whom they won to the worship of hosts of heaven; and he discoursed with strange and thrilling eloquence upon those scenes, which thus in the hours of stillness and darkness were reflected upon his inmost soul. The case of Tennent, a well known American clergyman of the last century, opens up many interesting trains of thought; but none so worthy of consideration as that of the sudden revival of recollection. He was attacked by dangerous illness, occasioned apparently by severe and protracted study. One morning, after his life had been despaired of, while conversing In Latin with his brother, he suddenly became insensible, and to all appearance dead. His funeral was appointed after the usual interval.—But his physician, who was an intimate friend, refused to believe he cold be dead—whose conviction was somewhat supported by the averment of one of the persons who assisted in laying out the body, that he thought he had perceived a slight warmth in the region of the heart. So earnest was the physician, that the funeral was postponed; the time was again appointed, and again and again the friend pleaded for a little delay, first an hour, then half an hour, then a quarter—but still no signs of life appeared, and it was determined the ceremony should proceed. But just at the supreme moment, the sunken eyelids were raised for an instant, and the body became once more an apparent corpse. An hour passed away, and other groan, followed now by a slight token of returning life. The feeble spark was carefully tended, and the pattent was slowly restored to health. But it was apparent that his memory was a complete blank. The past was entirely forgotten as though he had drank of the waters of Lethe. One day seeing his sister reading, he asked her what it was she held in her hand. On being answered that it was the Bible, he rejoined, 'What is the Bible? I do not know what you mean.' In every respect, so far as acquired knowledge was concerned, he was a child again. Slowly and laboriously he re-commenced his education, beginning at the simplest rudiments. He was one day reading an elementary Latin book with his brother, with whom he was speaking in that language at the time of his apparent decease, when all at once he stopped as though he had received a sudden shock, and declared the book seemed familiar to him. In a short time, the veil was entirely lifted, and his past acquirements and experience became once more portions of his conscious being.—During all this time he uniformly asseserted, he had the most intense and vived recollection of all that transpired during the days of apparent. or, as he firmly believed, real death. He dared not, he said, late fully what he had seen in that spirit land; but an accouut of it would be found among his papers after his decease. The event, however, took place during the disturbance of the war of the American Revolution, and these papers, by a series of singular accidents, were lost, before falling into the hands of his executor, and so were never examined. But if his own testimony—the testimony of a gentleman of unimpeached veracity, who, for more than half a century thereafter, maintained a character of remarkable soberness and circumspection—is to be relied upon, his soul passed from the body and entered the world of spirits, where he stood in the full presence of that inestimable glory upon which no man may look and live.—Did he, in fact pass those viewless portals, which, we are told, deny all return? Was his call to life a new birth from the Dead? Who knows?

Whatever may be the bearings of this case of Tennant upon the subject of dreams and trances or apparent death, it is certain that a forgetfulnes apparently as absolute as can be conceived was in fact only apparent; that the light from his past existence was invisible, only because obscured by the brighter light from the spirit land; just as the faint stars are invisible when concealed by the obscuring daylight, and wait to be revealed when that shall be withdrawn. It is one of those numerous instances which go far towards warranting the belief that there is no such thing as absolute forgetfulness; that every impression made upon the mind, is ineffaceable, every inscription incapable of obliteration. A veil may be drawn between the after consciousness and the inscription; the characters may be filled up; but this veil is ready at any moment to be withdrawn, the filling up to fall away when the character will become as legible as when first traced.

There is another well authenticated case, in some respects still more striking, showing as it does, how slight may be the impressions made upon the mind, which shall yet prove ineffaceable. A poor servant girl, in a German town, was attacked by a violent fever. She was unable to read or write, but during the payroxysms of her disease, she become possessed—as the priests say—by a very polyglot devil. She would keep spouting forth in a loud and monotonous voice, unconnected sentences of Latin, Greek and Hebrew. Sheet after sheet of these ravings were taken down; but those who attempted to find the elucidation of some deep mysteries in the Babel of unknown tongues, got their labor for their pains.—At length her physician determined to trace out her antecedents. He succeeded in ascertaining that many years before, while a mere child, she had been employed as a servant by a learned ecclesiastic, whose habit it was to pace up and down a passage in his house, communicating with the kitchen, and read aloud his favorite books. These scattered and unconnected phrases, caught in the intervals of her labor, were now reproduced by her, after an interval of many years. Passage after passage of the notes taken down from her feverish lips, were identified among the old priest's favorite authors, so that not the least doubt remained as to the origin of the girl's 'possessions.'

Coleridge, in speaking of this case, adds to it one of the weightiest comments ever uttered:—

'This instance,' he says 'contributes to make it probable that all thoughts are in themselves imperishable, and that if the intelligent faculty should be rendered more comphrehensive, and that this is probable, the instance citied above from the 'Opium Eater' shows conclusively it would require only a different and apportioned organization—the body celestial instead of the body terrestrial—to bring before every human soul the collective experience of his whole past existence. And this, perchance, is the dread Book of judgment, in whose mysterious hieroglyphics every idle word is recorded. Yes, in the very nature of a living spirit, it may be more possible that heaven and earth should pass away, than that a single act, a single thought, should be loosened or lost from that living chain of causes, to all whose links, conscious or unconscious, the free will—our own absolute self—is co-extensive and co-present.'

It is no idle question, 'Do we ever forget?'

From the Lansing (Mich.) Journal.

Terrific Tornado.

On Thursday the 2d. inst., a tornado, resembling rather a tropical hurricane than the tempests usual to this latitude, swept over a portion of this country, through the township of Alaiedon, &c., with irresistable fury, tearing up the forest by acres, and prostrating houses, barns, &c. A correspondent at Mason, furnished us with the following account:

"As we approached the path of ruin at the clearing, near the former location of the dwelling of Mr. Wm. Childs, we could see at a distance the shattered stubs of unnumbered trees, standing at from 15 to 30 feet high, the tops of which had been twisted and torn off. In the centre of the current, varying from 10 to 20 rods, as far as we could see, not a solitary top was left. The tornado passed a short distance to the north of the dwellings of Messrs. J. and Leonard Pierce, which escaped with merely the loss of their chambers and contents, consisting of furniture, wearing apparel, grain, &c. Their stout frame barn being a little out of the centre of the current, was taken up, carried bodily some 60 or 70 feet toward the whirl, and torn to fragments, not a board or shingle left on the original location. A portion of their fanning mill was found about two miles on in the course of the tornado. It crossed the Sycamore near this place, tearing up the crossways, which were built of logs on the bottom-lands, together with the bridge, scattering the logs, timber and planks in every direction, and many of them were carried from 50 to 100 rods, to the high grounds in the line of the wind.

"Mr. Childs' house was upon the opposite bank of the stream near the centre of the whirl. It was a very strong one, built of heavy logs locked and pinned together. Hardly a vestige of it is left to mark its former location, merely one or two of the bottom logs. It was whirled in an instant into fragments, and with its contents scattered on in the course for miles.

We saw the torn and mangled bodies of his hens, turkeys and sheep, which were killed on his premises. Logs from his house, a foot in diamater, were carried from 40 to 50 rods, and left standing one end in the ground, with a tunnel formed in the earth, as though they had been whirled a thousand times after alighting. A large cauldron kettle weighing half a ton, nearly filled with water, was carried about 10 rods, with its contents. His grain, fruit and shade trees, with all his marks of improvements, are in complete ruins.

He, with two or three of his children, barely saved their lives by fleeing to the cellar. This tornado seemed to exhibit its greatest force through this, Pierce's and Childs' improvement. Several persons who stood a short distance off, with great difficulty saved themselves from being drawn into the centre of the whirling mass of ruins produced by this terrible tornado. Marvel not, therefore, that Lemuel fancied the Day of Judgment was passing, as he reached forth and caught his lovely wife, to save her from being drawn away by this powerful suction.—A heavy drag was carried over 50 rods (high in the air) and let down in the centre of the stream. I saw trees two feet in diameter, which had been torn up by their roots and carried for rods in the air. The trees near the edge of the path seemed to be drawn toward the centre. Heavy oak stumps were torn from the ground, and carried to a great distance. I saw a large one which came from the State Road, about a mile to the southwest. The small shrubs and trees that were left on the ground looked as though they had been violently wisped about in the dirt and mud. This frightful tornado was first seen by the inhabitants of this place in the town west of this its course being north-east, and between its place of origin and the place I have just mentioned, several new built and heavy log houses were totally demolished, and their contents scattered to the four winds of heaven.

Several cattle were killed in the line of the tornado, and their scattered limbs found in separate places. About half a mile north-east on from the Pierce settlement, a sheep was discovered whirling several hundred feet in the air.

The course of this destructive and powerful tornado was from the south-west to the north-east, accomponied by the most rapid and circular whirling motion conceivable.

The cloud that attended or preceded this tornado moved very near the ground, changing its shape, and form frequently, and moving rapidly over the scene of devastation.

It appeared to those who saw it at a distance to be powerfully charged with electricity, though no inconvenience from its effects in this recpect was experienced by those who were near.

Altogether, this was a most remarkable phenomenon, marching in its way across our country, with a force that nothing could withstand nor resist, whirling the heaviest as well as the lightest materials into one confused, vexed and broken mass. One should see the effects in order to form a just conception of its power. The course was providentially through a tract but little settled, and though several narrowly escaped, I have heard of no persons being killed. Had it passed through a village not a house would have been left in its march."

The First Western Steamboat.

The Newport (Ky.,) *News* has the annexed interesting account of the first steamboat on the Western waters. The first steamboat that ever run on the Western waters, was built under the superintendence of Mr. Robinson, eighty years old on the 8th ult., and now living with his son William, two miles back of Newport, Ky. His head is whitened by age, but his memory is good, and he recollects well about his youthful exercise. He was employed by Fulton, Livingston & Co., of New York. The boat was launched at Pittsburg, Pa., on the 17th day of March, 1811, and called the New Orleans. She was primed with a bluish colored paint. She passed New Madrid, Mo., at the time of the earthquake in Decomber, 1811. Mr. Scowls, now living in Covington, a wealthy man, was cabin boy on her. Andrew Jack was piolot and a Mr. Baker was engineer. She carried Gen. Coffee and Don Carl from Natchez with their troops down to New Orleans, in 1814, at the time Gen. Jackson was defending that city against the British.

We heard a good story once of a clergyman whose parishioners were always behind in paying their subscription; as he entered the church one morning before service, he was met by one of his wealthy members, and asked the loan of a dollar. The dollar was handed over, and after the services, as the minister came out of the desk, he handed back the very identical dollar to the individual of whom he had borrowed it before service. The brother manifested surprise at his returning the money without using it. The minister replied: 'that it had done him a great deal of good, as he could always preach better with money in his pocket.'

An elopement and marriage took place in Wheeling the other evening, of a youngster and his landlady's daughter, who had just arrived at sweet sixteen. They had their clothes all made and snugly stowed away, but the old lady had not been looking over her spectacles for nothing, and and when the hour had came for stealing off, the new cloths were missing. Not to be foiled the young lovers borrowed suitable apparel, and departed one evening for the Justice's, the old lady just being in time to be too late. She had her revenge, however, in her own way. She went to the bureau where she had locked the clothes of the parties, took his to a wood pile, and with an axe cut up his boots, demolished his beaver, chopped his coat and pantaloons mincemeat fashion, and tore his linen into ribbons.

David Crockett.—An anecdote is related of this remarkable man which does him infinitely more honor than any office he ever held. Before he was a candidate for Congress, or expected to be, there was a season of scarcity in the Western District, where he lived. He went up the Mississippi and bought a flat-boat load of corn, and took it to what he called 'his old stamping-ground When a man came to him to buy corn, the first question he asked was, 'Have you got the money to pay for it? If the answer was in the affirmative, Davy's reply was, 'Then you cant have a kernel. I brought it here to sell to people that have no money.' It was the foundation of his popularity.

☞ A loafer who had his Christmas load on, 'fetched up' against the side of a house which had been newly painted.—Shoving himself clear by a vigorous effort, he took one glimpse at his shoulder, another at the house, a third at his hand, and exclaimed.

'Well, that are's a darn'd careless trick in whoever painted that house, to leave it standing out all night for the people to run against.'

Electrical Influence.

A NEW DISCOVERY.

It is the general impression among scientific men, that only a small portion of the power and influence of electricity has yet been developed. One of its recent applications has been the lighting of cities. As one of the results of this new application, we notice the following statement from, the Paris correspondent of the National Intelligencer:

"Scienee, particularly electrical science seems to be making fresh triumph every day. We have now to a new application of electricity by Joseph Watson, which is exhibiting in the neighborhood of Wadsworth. The great feature of the invention is, that the materials consumed in the porduction of electrical light are employed for a profitable purpose, independent of the illumination, and more than renumerating the entire expenses; so that the light, which is rendered constant and brilliant, is produced for nothing. Thus, while the light is produced by galvanic action, materials are introduced into the battery, which pigments of the finest quality are obtained; these are so valuable, that they considerably exceed the entire cost of the operation, Dr. Watson thus speaks of his invention, in a pamphlet not yet published—

"Our battery we have termed *chromatic battery* and its produce is colors. It may seem difficult to imagine how any number of galvanic arrangements can be made to yield a great variety of colors: but when it is remembered that the real number of natural colors is small, and that a difference of tint and shade imparts to each separate product a distinct commercial existence as a color, we may then be believed when we say, that by the use of not more than five substances introduced into our batteries, we are able to produce no less than one hundred valuable pigments, exceeding in value, by a great per centage, the original value of the article contributing towards their production. Our mode of producing these colors consists, not in any subsequent mixing of the products resulting from the working our batteries, but it is the result of the actual developement of the electricity in .he battery."

☞A laughable story of some carrier pigeons is told in an Antwerp newspaper. The editor of a celebrated journal published in that city, sent a reporter to Brussels for the King's speech, and with him a couple of carrier pigeons, to take back the document. At Brussels he gave the pigeons in charge to a waiter, and called for breakfast. He was kept waiting for some time, but a very delicate fricasse atoned for the delay. After breakfast he paid his bill, and called for his carrier pigeons. 'Pigeons!' exclaimed the waiter, 'why, you have eaten them!'

☞A train of 37 coal cars, weighing each 3 tons, 100 pounds, containing 5 tons of coal each, were drawn, on Monday evening week, a distance of 5 miles from this place on the Del., Lack., and Western Railroad, by a single engine, up a grade of 75 feet to the mile, at the rate of about 6 miles an hour. In that distance there are 13 curves, comprising full two-thirds of the way.

Lackawanna Herald.

Pennyroyal powdered and mixed with honey has been presented to the French Academy of Science as a capital remedy for hydrophobia. It must be taken, six spoonsful a day, with some sweet oil, for three days, and then, it is said, no fear need be entertained about the disease.

In several of the northern counties of Ohio the foliage of the forest tress has been, in certain districts, so generally devoured that most of the limbs are entirely stripped of their leaves, by a brown bug, which flies at dusk and settles upon them. It is about an inch long, and a quarter of an inch in width across its back.

☞The fast train on the Pennsylvania railroad, a few days since, when near Greensburg, attained the extraordinaty speed of 80 miles per hour.

☞We observe that J. L. Ringwalt, formerly of the "Monroe Democrat," has been appointed, by Collector Brown, a clerk in the Philadelphia custom house.

Miss Lucy Stone, one of the 'strong minded,' made a speech in New York the other day about the sexes, and said:

'Poor, weak woman. She has always been weak—has it not been so from the beginning? Did she not first yield to temptation?

'Ah! yes; Eve could conquer Adam—poor elf! But to conquer woman—it took Satan himself.

[Laughter and applause.]

That woman ought to have a husband who could sing to her—

'Oh, rock the cradle, Lucy!'

She'd soon get better then! That's all that ails her!

A MISTAKE.—The people of Delaware thonght they saw a comet on Wednesday last. It turned out to be, however, a red-headed woman chasing a book-peddler down the road for squirting tobacco juice on her Sunday carpet.